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DEATH-BED OF TOM PAINE.

A short time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor [Roman] Catholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness; and who told him, among other things, that, in his wretched condition, if any body could do him good, it would be a [Roman] Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress) whom I had received into the church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of this message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlmann, at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part, he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at this time quite young, and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men.

We shortly after set out for the house, at Greenwiche, where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed on a mode of proceeding with him.

We arrived at the house; a decent-looking elderly woman, (probably his house-keeper) came to the door, and inquired whether we were the [Roman] Catholic priests; "for," said she, "Mr. Paine has been annoyed of late by other denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to-day, to admit no one but the clergymen of the [Roman] Catholic Church." Upon assuring her that we were [Roman] Catholic clergymen, she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room and shortly after returned to inform us that Mr. Paine was asleep, and at the same time expressed a wish that we would not disturb him.

"for," said she, "he is always in bad humor when roused out of his sleep; 'tis better to wait a little till he be awake." We accordingly sat down, and resolved to wait a more favorable moment. "Gentlemen," said the lady, after having taken her seat also, "I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he cannot possibly live, and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day, because he was told that if any one could do him good, you might. Possibly he may think you know of some remedy which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries when left alone are heart-rending. 'O Lord help me!' he will exclaim, during his paroxysm of distress; 'God help me!—Jesus Christ help me!' repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say, 'Oh God what have I done to suffer so much!' Then shortly after—'But there is no God!' and again, a little after—'Yet if there should be, what would become of me hereafter?' Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, in which he very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. 'Stay with me,' he replied, 'for God's sake, for I cannot bear to be left alone. I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I have much to attend to in the house. 'Then,' said he, 'send even a child to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone.' 'I never saw,' she concluded, 'a more unhappy, a more forsaken man; it seems he cannot reconcile himself to die.'

Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining passage-way which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman; and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his chamber. A more wretched being in appearance I never beheld. He was lying in a bed, sufficiently decent of itself, but at present beset with filth; his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better days have been a more continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state.—He had partaken undoubtedly, but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood which had also followed in the track, and left its mark on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent had also been beset with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through which the door opened. F. Kohlmann having entered first, took a seat on the side near the foot of the bed. I took my seat on the same side nearer the head. Thus, in the posture which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on F. Kohlmann, but not on me easily, without turning his head.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, F. Kohlmann in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were [Roman] Catholic priests, and were come on his invitation to see him. Paine made no reply. F. Kohlmann proceeded then, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking that as Paine had been to France, he was probably acquainted with the language, (which was not the fact) and might understand better what he said, as he had at that time a greater facility, and could express his thoughts better in it than in English.

"Mons. Paine, j'ai lu votre livre intitulé, *L'Age de la Raison*, ou vous avez attaqué l'écriture sainte avec une violence, sans bornes, et de autres de vos écrits publiés en France, et je suis persuadé que—Paine here interrupted him abruptly in a sharp tone of voice ordering him to speak English thus: "Speak English man, speak English." F. Kohlmann, without showing the least embarrassment, resumed his discourse, and expressed himself heartily as follows, after his interruption, in English: "I have read your book entitled the *Age of Reason*, as well as your other writings against the Christian religion, and am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its Divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian religion, sir—"

"That's enough, sir, that's enough," said Paine, again interrupting him; "I see what you are about; I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on this subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and Jesus Christ to be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor."

F. Kohlmann here attempted to speak again, when Paine, with a lowering countenance, ordered him instantly to be silent, and trouble him no more. "I have told you already that I wish to hear nothing more from you."

"The Bible, sir," said F. Kohlmann, still attempting to speak, "is a sacred and Divine book, which has stood the test and criticisms of able pens than yours; pens which have made at least, some show of argument, and—"

"Your Bible," returned Paine, "contains nothing but fables; and I have proved it to a demonstration."

All this time I looked on the monster with pity mingled with indignation, at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror at thinking that in a very short time he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of his God, whom he had so shockingly blasphemed, with all his sins upon him. Seeing that F. Kohlmann had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine would listen to nothing that came from him, he would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect I might have. Accordingly I commenced by observing, "Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow that there exists a God, and that this God cannot be indifferent to the conduct and actions of his creatures."

"I will allow nothing, sir," he hastily replied; "I will make no concessions." "Well, sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment," said I, "I will prove to you that there is such a being, and I will demonstrate from His very nature that he cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct." "Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say; I see your object, gentlemen, is to trouble me; I wish you to leave the room."

This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone, so much so, that he foamed at the mouth. "Mr. Paine," I continued, "I assure you our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We had been given to understand that you wished to see us and we are come accordingly, because it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man, asking for them. But for this we should not have come, for we never obtrude upon any individual."

Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than he had hitherto used, he replied; "You can do me no good now—it is too late. I have tried different physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect" (this he spoke with a sigh) "but a speedy dissolution. My physicians have, indeed, told me as much." "You have misunderstood me," said I immediately to him. We are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints; we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty, on account of your sins; and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected His word, and uttered blasphemies against His Son."—Paine, on hearing this, was roused into a fury, he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed, uttering all the while the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe that was the rage in which he was at this time, that had he a pistol, he would have shot one of us; for he conducted more like a madman than a rational creature.

"Begone," says he, and trouble me no more, I am in peace," he continued, "till you come." "We know better than that," replied F. Kohlmann: "We know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace for the wicked. God has said it." "Away with you, and your God too; leave the room instantly," he exclaimed: "all that you have uttered are lies—filthy lies; and if I had a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ."—"Monster," exclaimed F. Kohlmann, in a burst of zeal, "you will have no more time. Your hour has arrived. Think rather of the awful account you have already to render, and implore pardon of God; provoke no longer His just indignation upon your head." Paine here ordered us again to retire, in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness.

"Let us go," said I to F. Kohlmann, "we have nothing more to be done here.—He seems to be entirely abandoned by God; further words are lost upon him."

Upon this we both withdrew from the room, and left the unfortunate man to his thoughts. I never, before or since, beheld a more hardened wretch.

This, you may rely upon it, is a correct account of the transaction. I remain your affectionate brother, (Signed.)

BENEDICT, Bishop of Boston.

For the Herald and Journal.

PRACTICABILITY OF THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

In my first, I drew a gloomy picture, but in this I shall dip my pen in brighter colors. In our first it was shown, that, if the world's conversion is to proceed according to the ratio of the last 1800 years; 144,000, years must expire before the glorious Millennium is ushered in. In this, however, we propose to show that this much desired day dawns upon us much sooner than the most sanguine have dared to hope.

It is a fact, which has not escaped the notice of such as have watched the movements, and noted the success of the Missionary enterprise, that the providence of God has ever been in advance of Christian effort and liberality. So urgently, repeatedly, and generally has the Macedonian cry come forth that, for many years past, our several missionary treasuries have been kept in a state of almost continual want. Were a general response given to this cry, it would go on increasing and increasing in extent until we should soon be compelled to "Go out into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

We propose to show that such response may be given without impoverishing, or even diminishing the earthly store of any Christian; but on the contrary, much to the temporal advantage of many.

Mr. Wesley says, "The only proper place for intoxicating liquors is at the Apothecary's shelf." To an individual who was fond of the pipe, and who had expressed his astonishment at some remarkable occurrence, Mr. Wesley is said to have replied, "Never again express your astonishment at anything, so long as you can put a pipe in your mouth, draw up the smoke, and puff it out again." As to the dirty—not to say highly injurious—practice of snuff-taking, I feel persuaded, that the "Prodigal Son's" charge would have given decided preference to their "hunks." Before me are statistics testifying that the expense of the consumption of tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland, for the year 1843, is £28,100,449. It is also stated that the amount annually expended in the United States, for cigars is £10,000,000. Let us suppose that in other forms than cigars, that \$5,000,000 more is consumed in the United States (for here, both pipe and quid are dearly loved) making together

£15,000,000. Let us suppose that uniting together every other Protestant country in the world, £14,000,000 are expended for the filthy weed, and we have an aggregate of £37,100,449, a tolerably round sum to end in smoke! Let us suppose that but one tenth part of this sum, thus expended in Protestant countries, is chargeable upon such as are really or professedly true believers in Christ (for we are not going to call upon the unconvinced to save a dying world) and we have the sum of £3,710,050. Before me is a statement to the effect that the communicants of the churches in England alone spend £11,100,000 annually, in intoxicating drinks. Now let us suppose that the collective number of all other religious communicants in the world, expend for this vile purpose a sum equal to the above (for if the statement is correct, we would charitably hope England is equal to the world) and we have the sum of £22,200,000, given by Christians for "distilled damnation!" Suppose we put loss of time, loss of health, premature death, doctor's bills, law-suits, &c. &c. (the necessary consequences of such indulgences) at £5,000,000 more. Let us add all the above items together, and we have the grand total, £30,910,050 or \$149,604,642. No one acquainted with statistical facts will accuse us of exaggeration if in consideration, of the expense of snuff taking by the same number of people—we put down the whole at \$160,000,000. And now for the appropriation—this is soon done. We will give in charge to each Missionary 500 of earth's benighted sons; let each messenger of mercy be supported at an annual expense of \$500. This sum will give pastoral oversight to 160,000,000 souls. Christianity is progressive in its character; wherever it is planted it will spread. Especially is this the case in heathen lands. By the blessing of God upon the labors of his servants, may we not expect that ten years hence, these millions "having tasted the good word of God," and felt the powers of the world to come," will be willing to sustain themselves, and thus allow us to withdraw our funds to be appropriated to the cultivation of other "waste places." Ten years more, and perhaps we shall have them augmenting our funds, by bringing their "offerings" to the Lord.* There is nothing visionary in this supposition. The history of the British Wesleyan Methodist Missionary operations, abundantly sustains such supposition. Need we say any thing further by way of inducement, to professing Christians to cease such a useless—might we not say sinful—expenditure. Let them reflect: it is the price of souls for whom Christ died.

RICHARD DONKERSLEY.

Little Compton, R. I., Jan. 1, 1848.

* At this rate the grand work of the world's conversion would be consummated in a few years, and what is worthy of observation, consummated without cost or sacrifice to any one, save the devoted missionary.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

During the sanguinary period of the French revolution, when crimes and horrors were continually perpetrated, the sacred affections of kindred and of friendship were often powerfully excited.

One such instance occurred amid the terrific massacres of an age unparalleled in atrocity; when crowds of unfortunate persons were condemned unheard, and loaded cannon were directed to play upon them. Yet not only in France and its dependencies—among the instances of unflinching heroism and filial love, which La Vendee continually exhibited—but in the far-off West, in one of these unfortunate islands, where the massacres of the Reign of Terror were acted on a less extended theatre.

An honest Creole, whose only crime consisted in possessing the inheritance of his ancestors, was denounced as inimical to the Republic, and sentenced to die with a crowd of his fellow-countrymen. But happily for this virtuous colonist, he was the father of a little girl, eminently endowed with courage, energy, and affection; and when the moment of separation from his family arrived, this courageous child resolved to follow and share his sufferings, however terrible to her tender age. In vain did the father entreat his little Annette to remain at home, and the mother, with streaming eyes, seek to retain her child by force. Entreaties and commands were equally unavailing, and, rushing from the door, she continued to follow at a little distance the rough men who urged her unhappy father to the place of execution. Small time sufficed to place him in the foremost rank of the condemned; his eyes were blinded, and his hands tied together, while the executioners made ready those murderous engines, which were soon to open a heavy fire of grape shot upon the crowds who waited their death in silence.

But suddenly a little girl sprang forward, and her voice, tremulous with emotion, uttered the piercing cry of—"Oh, my father! my father!" The lookers on endeavored to snatch her from destruction, and those who were alike condemned to death, menaced the poor child, in order to drive her from among them. Annette bounded with light steps toward her father, as she had been wont to do in happier days, when awaiting his welcome voice, and throwing her arms round his neck, she waited to perish with the author of her days.

"Oh, my child, my dearest child, the cherisher and only hope of thy wretched mother, stand on the eve of widowhood!" exclaimed her trembling and weeping father, "I command, I conjure thee to go away."

"No, papa, we will die together."

This unexpected incident disconcerted the director of the massacre. Perhaps he was himself a father, and the thought of his own child might arise within him. Certain it is, that his ferocious heart was softened; he ordered the Creole away, and commanded that he should be taken to prison with his child. Amid the rage of civil discord, and the alternate ascendancy of contending factions, a brief respite was not unfrequently productive of the happiest consequences. Such was the case in the present instance. The face of affairs became changed; the father was restored to his family, and ceased not to speak with the tenderest emotion of his little daughter, then only ten years of age.

Many who heard the tale, in after years, pleased themselves with thinking, that the human heart is never completely insensible to the voice of nature. But the contrary has been happily evinced in those fearful tragedies which have disgraced its history; in which the tears of suffering innocence have vainly sought for sympathy and compassion. We cannot, therefore, attribute so wonderful deliverance to those indignant principles of virtue and benevolence, which are eradicated by some, incapable of being totally eradicated in the breast of even the most atrocious and sanguinary. We must rather give to Him the glory, in whose hands are the hearts of men; and who, in preserving the life of a virtuous individual, has exhibited to all young people, a beautiful and impressive instance of the reward of filial piety.

INDIAN SUMMER.

A paper read before the National Institute, by Professor Jacobs, of Pennsylvania College, says the Baltimore American, treats of those atmospheric phenomena so characteristic of our autumnal skies, during the continuance of what is called the Indian Summer. The learned essayist says that the autumnal season is one of a class of similar phenomena, occurring at various times during the year. He designates these several seasons as follows, giving it as his opinion that they occur when either the temperature or the pressure of the atmosphere, or both together, have attained their highest degree or their lowest, and are about to pass to the opposite extreme:—

Seasons of comparative rest in the atmosphere are of frequent occurrence, and the sky is scarcely ever free from matter, whatever that may be, which destroys its transparency.

Seasons occur, however, during the year, with considerable regularity, at which are to be witnessed the grand distinguishing characteristics just named.

The first occurs with but little variation as to time, at about the close of October, or beginning of November. It is scarcely ever as late as the 12th or 13th of the latter named month. This is the period of the "Indian Summer," properly so called. Its duration it is not perfectly uniform. Sometimes it lasts two or three weeks, and at others only a few days. During the autumn of 1843 it continued only for five days, viz: from the 28th of October to the 2d of November, and was then so faintly marked, as to have led many persons to suppose that for that year there was no Indian Summer, and was, therefore, scarcely distinguished from the rest of the season.

The second occurs about the middle or close of April. Though not in general so well characterized as the period just named, it is sometimes distinctly marked as to attract the attention of even the casual observer. A remarkable instance of this kind occurred during the spring of 1833. From the 17th or 18th of April to the 9th of May, a period of three weeks, the atmosphere was subject to but little disturbance; the winds were gentle; but few clouds were to be seen, no rain fell to water the earth, and the sky was darkened by what had the appearance of smoke, which was afterwards enforced by real smoke, arising from extensive fires then prevailing in our mountain forests. But during every year, perhaps without exception, this peculiar state of weather may be noticed at this period, sometimes more, and at others less distinctly.

The third period occurs from about the middle of January to the first week in February, and continues from five to six days to three weeks. During this season it not unfrequently happens that the farmers in Pennsylvania and Maryland plough the grounds designed for the reception of their spring crop. Among the more remarkable examples of this kind might be named the winters of 1817 and 1818, and those of 1842 and 1843. Every year, however, as might be expected, is not alike in this respect, just as is the case with the "Indian Summer."

A fourth period of similar atmospheric condition exists during the month of August. The atmosphere has then sunk into a state of almost perfect repose. The breezes from the South and from the Southwest, which had almost daily, during the months of June and July, refreshed us, and thus rendered the heat less oppressive, have died away. The stagnant and sultry air has its transparency destroyed by thin haze or smoke, through which distant objects appear of a whitish blue color. Thunder clouds have diminished in frequency and extent, and hence, except during extraordinary seasons, the month of August is deficient in rain. The widely extended cloud does, indeed, come with its refreshing and cheering showers, but these it distills rather gently and quietly. And, after it has passed away, it leaves a dusky atmosphere. It is about the middle of the month when this state of weather mostly occurs.

Agreeably to these views, there are, therefore, four grand periods at which a smoky or hazy atmosphere pre-eminently prevails: viz: two of greater intensity, occurring about a month or six weeks after the autumnal and vernal equinoxes, and two of less intensity, or less distinctly marked, occurring at about the same length of time after the summer and winter solstices.—The autumnal is of the greatest intensity, particularly so, as to the immense volumes of actual smoke, which are throwing into the air from ten thousand fires kindled by Indians and hunters among the western forests, strewn with the recently fallen foliage, add their sombre hue to the already existing vapor smoke. The Indian Summer is, therefore, only one of the four periods, and subject, like the rest, to vary exceedingly in character and duration, during different years.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

In reviewing the progress of Science during the past year, we have reason to exclaim—"What hath God wrought!" In Astronomy the world has never before been so astonished with the grandeur and vastness of Deity as displayed in his works. *Meadar* has demonstrated the central sun of the universe. *Le Verrier* has pointed to the spot where a planet was to be seen, and the Astronomer Royal at Bonn, no sooner sweeps his equatorial telescope to the point than Neptune rolls into the field of vision! The Earl of Rosse, with his fifty-four reflector, has resolved the nebula into sparks of suns of other systems. These are the milky spots about which infidelity had busied itself in creating worlds by laws which ostracised the Deity from his own creation. That which La Place called an hypothesis is a hypothesis still. The modesty of *La Place* contrasts strongly with those pseudo-philosophers, who have sought his great name to help them create out of the "Vestiges of Creation," a universe without the aid of an instant Deity. We are reminded, as a striking contrast with this writer of the Vestiges, bold and confident as he is, with the humility expressed in the last words of the immortal Newton, who, when told of all his great discoveries and the services he had rendered to the world said—"I know not what the world will think of my labors, but to myself it seems that I have been but a child playing on the sea shore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell rather more agreeably variegated than another while the immense ocean of truth extended itself unexplored, before me."

What a lesson to some of our would-be philosophers! St. Paul regarded himself as the least of saints, and Newton regarded himself as very limited in his philosophical attainments.—Truly, religion and philosophy are strangers to arrogance and presumption.

Nor is this all—"Island Universes," as they are called, have been discovered in the depths

of space, at distances so vast that the light which is now reaching us (travelling with the velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute) has been at least thirty millions of years in its passage through the wilds of space. And of these spots of light and life, there are upwards of a thousand discovered by the famous telescope of the Earl of Rosse!

Nor is this all! While this great eye has been unveiling the wonders above us, the same powers of the lens have been actively engaged in looking down into the worlds beneath us, and wonders upon wonders have been made manifest. For example: Near Berlin, in a slaty strata, are discovered the remains of infinitely small animalcules. In round numbers, about 23,000,000 would make up a cubic line, and would, in fact, be contained in it. There are 1728 cubic lines in a cubic inch. On weighing a cubic inch of this mass it is found to be 220 grains. 178,000,000 go to a grain; or the siliceous shield of each animalcule weighs about one hundred and eighty-seven millionths of a part of a grain. Such is the statement of Ehrenberg, which naturally suggests the reflection of the French philosopher, that if the *Almighty* is great in great things, he is equally so in those which are minute; and furnishes additional data for the well known moral argument of the theologian, derived from a comparison of the telescope. "The one led me to see a system in every atom; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this almighty globe, with the whole burden of its people, and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity. The other teaches me, that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon. The other redeems it from all insignificance."—N. Y. Recorder.

WONDERFUL FACTS.

Sir Astley Cooper relates the case of a sailor who was received into St. Thomas's Hospital, in a state of stupor, from an injury in the head, which had continued some months. After an operation he suddenly recovered so far as to speak, but no one in the hospital understood his language. But a Welsh milk-woman happened to come into the ward, answered him, for he spoke Welsh, which was his native language.—He had, however, been absent from Wales more than thirty years, and previous to the accident had entirely forgotten Welsh, although he now spoke it fluently, and recollected not a single word of any other tongue. On his perfect recovery he again completely forgot his Welsh, and recovered his English. An Italian gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Rush, in the beginning of an illness spoke English; in the middle of it French; but, on the day of his death spoke only Italian. A Lutheran clergyman of Philadelphia, informed Dr. Rush that Germans and Swedes, of whom he had a large number in his congregation, when near death, always prayed in their native languages, though some of them he was confident, had not spoken them for fifty or sixty years. An ignorant servant girl, mentioned by Coleridge, during the delirium of fever, repeated, with perfect correctness, passages from a number of theological works in Latin, Greek, and Rabbinical Hebrew. It was at length discovered that she had been a servant to a learned clergyman, who was in the habit of walking backward and forward along a passage by the kitchen, and there reading aloud his favorite authors. Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a child four years ago, who underwent the operation of trepanning while in a state of profound stupor from a fracture of the skull. After his recovery, he retained no recollection either of the operation or the accident; yet at the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave his mother an exact description of the operation, persons present, their dress, and many other minute particulars. Dr. Pritchard mentioned a man who had been employed with a beetle and wedges splitting wood. At night he put these implements in the hollow of an old tree, and directed his sons to accompany him the next morning in making a fence. In the night, however, he became mad. After several years his reason returned, and the first question he asked was, whether his sons had brought home the beetle and wedges. They, being afraid to enter into an explanation, said they could not find them, on which he arose, went to the field where he had been accustomed to work so many years before, and found, in the place where he had left them, the wedges and the iron rings of the beetle, the wooden part having mouldered away.

For the Herald and Journal.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Br. Stevens—I am glad to find you so decidedly in favor of congregational singing. While some look upon it as impracticable, many believe it not only the most practicable, but that which will best secure the great objects in religious worship. If in nothing else, surely all would unite in this part of the service, especially those who can sing; and less would forget how, and more would learn.

But in reforms generally, men go too far; leaping from one extreme to the other. The present practice of choir singing may be called one extreme; breaking up the choir altogether, dismissing the chorister, rejecting all instruments of music, and laying aside all note books, the other. A medium, perhaps, might be adopted. Allow me to suggest that the organ, or one, and not exceeding two, other instruments, be retained, a good organist, who might act as a chorister, then let one or two note books be placed in each pew, and could I choose a collection, it would be of the good old tunes, such as Majesty, Buckfield, Lenox, Northfield, &c.; the chorister indicate in some way the tune to be sung, and all sing for worship and not for notoriety. Let such, or a similar course be put in practice, and I submit it would not only be greatly desirable, but the most practicable way of securing the object intended.

Yours, truly, A. E.
Boston, Jan. 19.

HOPE IN GOD.

The sailor on the midnight sea, if he would behold the star that alone would guide him across the trackless deep, must look not on the dark troubled waves, but at the clear blue heavens. If the sky is overcast, and the star is veiled by clouds, he must turn to his compass, and its needle, ever true to the pole, will point to the star, though it be hidden from his vision. So we, tossed on many a billow, if we would see heaven's guiding light, must look not on the waves of temptation, that dash and break around, but above to God. Should darkness and clouds gather in the sky, let us turn to the Bible, and it will point to Him who shines beyond the clouds in unchanging glory.

A RECENT ELECTION.

The following queer paragraph is from the Catholic Freeman's Journal of New York. It shows a new application of the ballot box. In what part of God's word any intimation is given that the Virgin Mary was born sinless, or is to be worshipped as the Queen of Angels, we are not told.—Presbyterian.

"The Provincial Council of Baltimore having elected the most Blessed Virgin Mary as Patron of this country, and having, at its last sitting, solicited and obtained the permission of using the title *Sine Labe originali Concepta* in the Office and Mass it is certainly not unreasonable to anticipate a great increase of fervor and devotion towards the Holy Mother of God amongst good Catholics of our country, and especially on the festival of the Immaculate Conception, which was celebrated last Wednesday. We do not know in how many of the churches the day was especially celebrated, though we know that in some of them it was so with great magnificence. Certainly no man of faith will hesitate to admit that the person, the parish, the diocese, or the province, by which a special devotion to the Queen of Angels shall be practised as well as professed, particularly in this mystery, shall find it indeed a fruitful source of benedictions, a kindling of fervor, an increase of virtues and graces, an extending of power for the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and the salvation of souls."

CHOLERA.

There is a fact connected with the Westward progress of the cholera in Russia, to which we would call the attention of all. In its march from the government of Astrakha towards Saratoff, it spared the colony of Serepta, although the communication with the neighborhood continued open and free as usual. The same happy exemption was experienced during the prevalence of the same pestilence in 1831; and is accounted for in a way the most natural imaginable. The inhabitants of Serepta are industrious, in comfortable circumstances, and remarkable for their cleanliness and sobriety. They are descendants from a Moravian Colony founded in 1766. What an important testimony! It should have its influence in our own country.—We have, to say the least, as much reason to expect the cholera here, in a few months, as we had to expect it some fifteen years ago; and it is demonstrated that temperance, industry and cleanliness are powerful preservatives against its attacks.

MARTYRS.

According to the calculation of some, about 200,000 Christian Protestants suffered death, in seven years, under Pope Julian; no less than 100,000 were massacred by the French, in the space of three months; the Waldenses who perished amounted to 1,000,000; within thirty years the Jesuits destroyed 900,000; under the Duke of Alva 26,000 were executed by the hangman; 150,000 by the Irish massacre, besides the vast multitude of whom the world could never be particularly informed, who were proscribed, starved, burnt, assassinated, chained to the galleys for life, immured within the walls of the Bastille, or others of their church and state prisons. According to some, the whole number of persons massacred since the rise of papacy, including the space of 1400 years amounts to 15,000,000.

OLD SERMON.

They who read sermons composed by others, are often led into mistakes. A German divine says, "one of these retailers of small ware, having picked up a homily composed some years before, when the plague was raging in the country, preached to his congregation on the Lord's day. Towards the close, having sharply reproved vice, he added, 'for God has visited you and your families with that cruel scourge, the plague, which is now spreading everywhere in this town.' At his uttering these words the people were all thunderstruck, that the chief magistrate was obliged to go to the pulpit, and asked him, 'Sir, pardon the interruption and inform me where the plague is, that I may endeavor to prevent its further spreading.' 'The plague, sir,' replied the preacher, 'I know nothing about the plague. Whether it is in town or not; it is in my homily.'"

LAUGHING IN THE PULPIT.

Said Mr. C——, a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion, and that came near procuring my dismissal from the ministry. About one of the first discourses I was called upon to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text, and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a man with a very foolish dress, and a head of exceeding red hair. In a slip immediately behind this young gentleman, sat an urchin who must have been urged on in his delirium by the evil one himself, for I do not conceive the youngest thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruce dandy in front of him. The boy held his forefinger in the red hair of the dandy, as long as as a blacksmith would a nailrod in the fire to heat, and then on his knee commenced pounding his finger in imitation of a smith making a nail. The thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time I ever disgraced the pulpit with anything like mirth.

EVERY CHRISTIAN A MISSIONARY.—It ought to be proclaimed from the pulpit, and taught in the Sabbath-school, it ought to be written on our door-posts, that every christian is designed to be, in some sense, a missionary. He should first inquire whether he is called personally to enter the field. If this is not expedient or feasible, let him go by his representative, whom he helps to support. Let him go in prayer, in the spirit, and in sympathy, with those who can go to labor and die in heathen lands; and let him labor at home for all who come under his influence.

It is recorded, that by an ancient act of the good old Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Margaret, in the year about 1288, it was:—

"Order it, That during ye reign of her maist blessed majesty, ilka maiden laidee, of baith high and low estate, shall have liberty to speak to ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulet in the sum of an hundred pounds or less, as his estate may be, except and always, gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to another woman, then he shall be free."

DEDICATION AT SOUTH ROYALSTON.

Mr. Editor:—Notwithstanding the fears of some of the friends of Zion, the cause of God is still onward, and Methodism continues to be what it has been for more than one hundred years, viz: Christianity in earnest. As an evidence of this, we refer to the unparalleled number of M. E. Churches erected and dedicated to the worship of God, the two years past, even in New England. The building of these churches is necessarily attended with more or less pecuniary sacrifice, and perhaps few at the present day have been called to make greater sacrifices than the brethren in this place. The location of our house is emphatically the best in the village, for which four noble-hearted brethren paid the round sum of six hundred and twenty-five dollars. We might have purchased a building site in the outskirts for one hundred dollars, but we have chosen to build in the heart of the village, and have been taught us, as a church, that we have erred in building our churches in the back and by-places of villages. Our house was dedicated by Mr. Porter, Presiding Elder of this District, on the 18th inst., on which occasion he delivered a very appropriate discourse, from Acts 28:22—“But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that every where it is spoken against.” The brethren in the society present considered it one of the speaker's piest and best efforts. At the close of the sermon he requested the congregation to rise, while in very solemn and impressive manner he dedicated the house to the worship of Almighty God, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The following brethren took part in the exercises:—Jordon, of Winchester, of Temple, of Fitchburg, of Fitchburg, of Barre, and Lewis, of South Brookfield. We were favored in the evening with an interesting discourse by Mr. Bannister, of Fitchburg, from 1 Peter 2:6—“The interest of the exercises were much increased by our excellent choir, under the direction of Mr. W. Cross.

The cost of the church, including the land, is about \$3000, and we hope to pay every dollar before the close of this Conference year.

The building is 50 feet with a vestry under the house of the same dimensions. Much credit is due to Mr. Luther Harrington, of this village, the builder, for his gentlemanly deportment towards the building committee, and for the manner in which he has done his work. I cordially recommend him to all who are about to engage in building, as a thorough and practical workman.

P. Wood.

South Royalston, Mass., Jan. 22.

Gerald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1848.

SPIRIT OF THE METHODIST PRESS.

SOUTHERN CH. ADVOCATE.—Mississippi Conference on the Property Question.

PITTSBURGH CH. ADVOCATE.—Proposition of Z. Herald on the Property Question.—Pittsburgh Book Depository.

WESTERN CH. ADVOCATE.—Revivals in the West—Original letter from Bishop Abury.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.—Southern Hymn Book.—Liberia.—African Mission.—Oregon.—Rev. Mr. Garg's return.

The last Southern Ch. Advocate publishes the reports of the late Mississippi Conference; among them the one on the Church Property. It is brief, and in no wise threatening like those of most other Southern Conferences. The committee remark:—

We can but hope, that when the heat of debate has passed away, the well known Christian character of our Northern brethren will gain the ascendancy, and that they will give to the South her just due. Meanwhile we have all confidence that the committee of our General Conference will prosecute our claims with prudence and Christian firmness. We feel more anxiety that our Northern brethren should not stain their good name, and the venerated name of Methodism, than we do about dollars and cents.

The only resolution on the subject, passed by the Conference, was the following:—

Resolved, That we recommend the Commissioners appointed by the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to secure our interests in the Book Concern in New York and Cincinnati, to press those claims with Christian forbearance and kindness, but with firmness.

The Pittsburgh Ch. Advocate publishes an article from the Southern Christian Advocate, on our plan of settling the Property Question. We referred to that article some time ago, as manifesting an improved temper, though it did not explicitly approve our proposition. The Pittsburgh Advocate speaks thus of the matter:—

We copy another article from this paper this week, on the Property Question, especially in reference to the proposition of Zion's Herald. It is not to be expected that the Southern editors, in advance of their knowledge of public sentiment, should commit themselves in favor of any unconstitutional proposition of this kind. The most that could be anticipated would be, that they would commend its liberality, &c., without intimating a probability of its acceptance on the part of the South. But let some such proposition be made officially, but not dictatorial, by our General Conference, and if it is not met with the corresponding spirit of liberality by the South, then we are mistaken.

Our brethren at Pittsburgh seem highly satisfied with the success of their experiment to maintain a Book Depository in that city. The Advocate says of it:—

We are happy to be able to say that the Pittsburgh Methodist Book Depository, for a length of time under the very efficient management of Rev. James L. Read, is in a highly prosperous condition. More books have been sold during the past than during any preceding year. It is out of doubt, that but a few doubtful accounts, while its assets are greater than they were a year ago. The importance of the Depository to the interests of Methodism in this section of the work, can scarcely be estimated too highly. The next General Conference ought to purchase a lot and erect a building suitable for the accommodation of this important institution, which we regard as now so permanently established, and so obviously demanded by the interests of the church, as to be beyond all question or doubt. We expect, too, that the same spirit will be well content with discontinuing the Allegheny or Monongahela river, as of discontinuing a Methodist Book Store and a Methodist Church paper in Pittsburgh, at this late day.

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THE CHURCHES.

HARMONY, ME.—Rev. W. J. Wilson writes, Jan. 21.—I would say, to the praise of God, we are having a gentle breeze from heaven, on Harmony Circuit. Although it has been a dark and dreary time here for a long season, and the love of many has waxed cold, and iniquity abounded to the great discouragement of the faithful few, yet God has suddenly come to his temple, and the broken down walls begin to be repaired, and the barren and thirsty land begins to put on the beautiful appearance of a fruitful field. God has heard the fervent prayers of his children, and has come down to deliver them. We have had the pleasure of witnessing the return of a number of our fallen brethren and sisters, and some poor sinners hopefully converted to God, and some have plunged into the ocean of perfect love; and they are sending terror into the ranks of the enemy. I have received thirteen members on trial; and the work is still going on before us and we are expecting brighter scenes to open before us every hour. O brethren and sisters, will you pray for us in this place? We want more religion here in both minister and people; and we hope to see the work of revival spread far and wide in this region. It is with pleasure that we from time to time kneel with them to twenty sin-sick souls at the altar of God, and bear their case on faith's broad wings, to the everlasting throne. And it is heart rending to hear the confession of some backsliders. Their tears, their sighs, their trembling limbs, and broken hearts overwhelmed with grief, but faintly show the sad consequences of sin.

WINDHAM, ME.—Rev. J. Higgins writes, 14th ult.—Let me say in the Herald to the praise of God, who alone can make efficient means we use, for the promotion of His cause, that we are enjoying the showers of divine grace in this charge. A few weeks since I commenced preaching, as many evenings in a week, as the weather, and my calls in the village would allow, about four miles out, and tho' the prospect was good, and a number of souls were saved, so as to praise God in the evidence of sins forgiven—yet we saw nothing very special until this day.

Yesterday, we had a meeting in the morning, holding only a little over one hour, the first special meeting since the commencement of the series, for we had only two or three who had been members, and they were not in the practice—and no ministerial help, therefore to the writer constant labor. But this afternoon, the power of the highest came down upon the congregation, and took nearly all before it—nearly all the congregation were in tears; one young man about thirty years of age, who said before he was “was not going to rise for prayers,” was so overcome by the power of God, as to weep aloud and arose and asked us for himself, without waiting for us to ask him.

One old gentleman, wearing sixty-five years of age, at whose house I stopped last night, told me he never bowed his knee in his family—with his wife, three daughters and wife's sister, bowed before the Lord.—The father prayed—in the morning he prayed again, all trying to see the Lord. In the meeting this afternoon, the father arose for the first time, and told the congregation, the “jar is broken, we will all go together,” and so it seemed to go; for seven others who are heads of families, and many others, arose and said they wanted religion. One remarkable circumstance in this revival is, nearly all are parents, or passed the age of twenty-one years.

This evening, for the first time, I had help from a brother in the ministry, a great relief to me, as I was perhaps, becoming mentally exhausted from constant labor, with the same congregation, having nearly all the work to do.

The present aspects of the work are the most encouraging. Do pray for us. About thirty are either happy or ardent seekers. And allow me to say to the praise of God, and grace, that I never felt my heart to be under the influence of grace, as fully and constantly as since coming to this charge. With divine assistance I will try and keep it thus.

HARVARD ST. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Rev. I. J. P. Collier writes, Jan. 15.—Knowing that all

From the National Era.

SONGS OF LABOR—THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTYER.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumn rain had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again; The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay With the hues of summer's rainbow or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin mist that morning the sun rose broad and red, At first a rayless disc of fire, it brightened as it sped; Yet, even its noontide glory full of golden and subdued On the cornfields and the orchards and softly-pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night, It was with golden gleams the haze with yellow light; Staring through the painted branches, it glorified the hill, And beneath its pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shooting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky, Flashed by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed they knew not why; And school-boys, gay with aster flowers beside the meadow brooks, Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From mire and barn loomed westerly the patient weathercock, But even the birches on the hillsides shook as rocks; No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell, And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry, Where June winds rolled in light and faded the pale-green waves of May; The golden hillsides, in valleys fringed with wood, Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Best, low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that dry and dead, Unfolded from their ripened chaff, shone out the yellow ear; Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold, And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters, and many a creaking wain Bore slowly to the long barn floor its load of husk and grain; Till, nigh on the hour of sunset, sank down at last the sun, Ending the day of dreamy light and warmth as it began.

And lo! as through the western plain, on meadow, stream and pond, Flamed the red radiance of the sky, set all afire beyond, Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone, And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

And thus into the quiet night the sunset lapsed away, And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay, From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name, Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the hoped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow, Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant green below; The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before, And laughing eyes and busy hands, and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart, Talking their old times o'er, the old men sat apart, While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade, And in-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair, Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes, and pride of soft brown hair, The master of the village school, a sturdy, earnest, and true, To the quaint tune of some old psalm a husking-balled sung:

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn;
No richer gift from Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vintners send;
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring-time came with flower and bud,
And grasses green and young,
And merry larks, in the wood,
Laid and musicians sung.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our opening grain
The robber-crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew thin and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moon-its eyes
Its harvest-time has come;
We pluck away the frosty leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the faded gift
Of golden showers of old,
Fair hands the better corn shall sift
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vagrant birds lie in wait,
Around their costly board,
Give us the lowly of lamp and milk
By homestead bounteous poured.

Where 'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our corn-fed girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly leads to sin;
The blessing of the Yankee's grain,
His wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her greedy root,
Let midday blight the tree,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly;

But let the good old crop descend
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Read up our thanks to God!

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE NEXT GENERAL CONFERENCE—NO. 1.

Mr. Editor:—Having shown that the points of analogy, between the Canada and Southern separations, utterly fail, and that, therefore, the only basis of your plan also fails, I now propose to consider several other points connected with the Property Question. And first, as to the consideration you propose to give the South by way of "redress." This word redress is your own. The consideration, therefore, whatever it may be, is to be understood as a redress. Grievances are redressed—what is a grievance? It is the infliction of injustice or injury. The South have a grievance to be redressed; injustice or injury has been inflicted on them. But who has inflicted injustice or injury on them? Has the M. E. Church? If so you ought to make redress. But what has she done? Why, she objected to a slaveholding Bishop. This is the Alpha and Omega of her offense. This has inflicted injury on the South, and the South must be redressed. So you say, Mr. Editor. I hope there will be few delegates in the next General Conference, who will make such an admission. But to the consideration proposed as a redress. (1.)

That the consideration is a part of the "stock" of the Concern, you distinctly deny; and that it is the "produce" of the Concern, you also deny. If then, you offer them neither the "stock," nor the "produce" of the Concern, pray, what do you offer them? (2.) What else is there of the Concern, unless it be the labor and risk of carrying on the business? And you certainly do not propose to them to do the labor or to take the risk. In this particular I should think your proposition would be very acceptable to them, as it is simply carrying out the general system of the country—the North do the drugery and the South take their ease. You refer to votes which have been taken in some of the Conferences, proposing to reduce the prices of our books, so as to have no produce, and consequently no dividends. Though you have "scarcely a doubt" that such a thing will take place, yet I have many doubts concerning it, desirable as the arrangement might be. Whatever may take place hereafter, it has not as yet been done, and therefore cannot furnish the basis of an argument. It does not become mortal man to call those things which he has not, as though they were. (3.) You have adopted quite a summary mode of disposing of my last objection to your plan, that is, the injustice of its operation, on the rights of the claimants of the produce of the Con-

cern. You say, first, "If the contemplated abandonment of the dividends takes place, there can be, of course, no interference with such claimants." I have already shown that as such an abandonment has not taken place, it can furnish no basis for an argument. But is it not a question whether such an abandonment can take place without the change of the 6th Restrictive Rule? (4.) Does not that rule secure to certain classes of persons belonging to the M. E. Church a value? Can the General Conference take away that value, without changing the rule? And having once secured to these classes of persons, that value, would it be just on the part of the General Conference to take it away, even by changing the rule? (5.) These are points that must be calmly and maturely considered before the "contemplated abandonment" of the "dividends" will take place.

But you say, secondly, "If the" abandonment of the dividends "does not" take place, "then as we have repeatedly said" and proved in the plan, not a cent of advantage will be taken from the Concern, as a Northern interest." It is true, you have "repeatedly said" this, but it is denied that you have "proved it." Here is a certain amount of capital employed, "the profits arising from which, after a sufficient capital to carry on the business is retained," are secured by the constitutional law of the church, to the benefit of specified classes of persons, belonging to the M. E. Church. Can any part of that capital be diverted from its constitutional destination without injustice to the constitutional claimants on the profits? What if it should be proposed to employ one third of the capital of the Concern in publishing school books, for the purpose of supplying the poor with such books, at cost? It would certainly be a noble charity. But would it furnish you just ground of complaint to our distressed traveling and worn out preachers, and the poor widows and orphans of preachers? Such an arrangement would be a most manifest and gross act of injustice, and every body would pronounce it such. But would it be any more unjust, than to employ a portion of the capital in publishing books, and furnishing them, at cost, to a succeeding church? (6.)

You seem to make a great account of the idea that if the South get a Book Concern of their own, we must necessarily lose the Southern market. That does not follow as a matter of necessity. It is true that we should have a competitor in the field, but one over whom we should have every advantage; for it would be many years before they could afford their books at as low prices as we could, and very probably they would never be able to do it. (7.) But as you base your argument on a contingency, you will consent for me to do the same. It is proposed to abolish slavery in the South, and when that event, so devoutly desired, shall take place, all objections to receiving books from the North will be removed. And furthermore, whether that event soon takes place or not, the time will come, and that not many years hence, when the M. E. Church will extend herself over the Southern States, and our books will go to her. The blustering of interloper slaveholders, noisy demagogues, and hungry aspirants after the "loaves and fishes" of government, must soon come to an end. The general movement throughout the civilized world towards emancipation, the legitimate influence of our Christianity, the tendency of the great principle of liberty on which our government is based, and the rising and rapidly spreading interest taken in the question of abolition, by the people of this country, will assuredly hasten the glad day when slavery shall cease from these States. Shall we not then have a call for our books in the South? (8.) I lay this argument by the side of yours, based on the contingency of no "dividends." I think of the two, mine is the best.

I will now leave this matter and turn to the question whether your plan will, if adopted, be likely to "suppress the exasperated quarrel on the property question, and prevent its going before the courts of the land." It may indeed suppress the present quarrel, and prevent the question now from leading to litigation. But will it not be a most fruitful source of quarrel and litigation hereafter? Would it not be expecting too much of human nature, to suppose it possible, so to frame any set of conditions or rules, by which the parties may be governed as effectually to guard against endless misunderstandings and disputes? If it were not for filling to much space in your paper, and if it did not appear to me to be, an almost self-evident truth, I would detail some of the proofs which would go to show the impossibility of guarding against the difficulties that would arise. But I deem it an unnecessary labor.

If then, your plan were well sustained by precedent, and if it were clearly constitutional, it is evident enough, that it would never remove the evil in view, but it would aggravate them indefinitely. Now I wish to say, if it come to that, that if the South must be satisfied, and the constitution of the church must be trampled on to reach that point, it would be far better to divide the capital stock of the Book Concern with them, than to lay a foundation for endless strife, by the adoption of any plan, that is to operate perpetually. (10.) The more I examine your proposition the more am I convinced that it is impracticable; and I chance to know, that there are many who entertain the same opinion, though but "few" of your "New England correspondents" have expressed it. These few, however, would not "refuse redress" in any constitutional and feasible way, were they convinced there was a real grievance. It has struck me that you have reversed the natural order, in proposing redress before showing that there was a real grievance to be redressed. Their claim for redress, you say, is merely an "asserted" one. Why not then, if they make it, let it be asserted, and valid one, before you propose to meet it? (11.)

Having shown up your plan to be every way objectionable, I will now propose, not to the South, but to you, and the many in the North, whom you suppose, sympathize with your views, to put your hands in your pockets, and pay what they claim as their right, and not "rob Peter to pay Paul." In my next number I propose to take up another topic, and to drop the controversial form, altogether. P. CRANDALL.

1. When brother C. last week proposed to drop the controversial form of this discussion, we expressed the intention not to comment on him further; but as his whole present article treats only on the personal question between us, we must still follow him, though we should do it. We fear no inconvenience in tracing him into every nook and cranny of the discussion, but we wish not to oppress our readers with a protracted controversy.

new of stereotype plates, renewal of machinery, &c., so that the whole concern would remain precisely as at present; undisturbed a single farthing as a northern interest. Our readers who recollect the "plan" will need no further explanation here—those who do not, we must refer to it.

3. The reader must remember that our argument did not depend upon what the General Conference had done in this case, but on what the Annual Conference have done. It will be found in our last week's notes on brother C.

4. We answered this question in both our last, and preceding replies to brother C.

5. We reply, yes, if these claimants can be better provided for without it, this is alleged almost universally as a reason for it. But again, the idea of the Restrictive Rule amounting to a species of contract with the ministry, is fallacious; for (1.) that rule was not introduced until long after the origin of the Book Concern. (2.) It was introduced, as we have shown, not to "produce," but merely to appropriate it when it might accrue, and (3.) if even it were otherwise, yet the rule itself is made subject to a specified vote of the Conference, and therefore this vote is one of the conditions in the contract, so called; by the very contract itself, therefore, provision is made for its abrogation.

6. We have explained this point so often that we must content ourselves with merely a reference to note 2 above, and the plan.

7. Why so? They have certainly showed more pecuniary enterprise since their separation, than any other portion of the Church; they have the pecuniary means of doing almost anything they wish, if driven to it. And if they should get by a law suit, half our property, what then?

8. Yes, but then, as there will be no slavery, there will be no need of a "quarrel," until that far-off jubilee comes! If we adjust it on our "plan," we shall certainly be in the best condition for such a consummation—as our book interest will be, in an important sense, common to both sections. This supposition of brother C. has, however, more imagination than logic in it. As the basis of a business project, we think practical men would not allow it a moment's consideration.

9. We have added that difficulties need attach to any arrangement of this trouble, but the question is, whether the difficulties of our "plan" would not be less than those of any other one, and infinitely less than must arise from a refusal to make any arrangement whatever.

10. Aye, but "the constitution of the Church must not be trampled on"—the very design of our proposition is to prevent this.

11. See first note above.

SKETCHES.

CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The records of every country abound in remarkable cases of persons being judicially put to death for crimes of which they were entirely innocent. A mistaken resemblance to the actual perpetrator, the fact of having been seen near the spot where the crime was committed, or some other suspicious circumstance, has contributed to bring the guilt and punishment on the wrong party. Nearly all very flagrant crimes are committed in secret, and, often, of course, no evidence but that which is circumstantial, can be adduced to convict the guilty. This kind of evidence is often as conclusive as any other, but it should be applied with great caution, lest the innocent suffer. The following well-authenticated case, illustrating the danger of applying such evidence, occurred in England some time ago, and we think it will interest our readers.

"Jacques Du Moulin, a French refugee, having brought over his family and a small sum of money, employed it in purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the custom house, which he again disposed of by retail. As these goods were such as having a high duty, were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling, or purchasing smuggled articles, under color of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers, and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not, in the general estimation, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character; but he was often detected in uttering false gold. He came frequently to persons of whom he had received money with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him; this was generally denied with great eagerness; but, if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always permitted to pass them as having a high duty. This soon brought him into disrepute, and he gradually lost not only his business but his credit. It happened that, having sold a parcel of goods, which amounted to £78, to one Harris, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he received the money in guineas and Portugal gold, several pieces of which he scribbled; but the man having assured him that he himself had carefully examined and weighed those very pieces, and found them good, Du Moulin took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days, he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods. Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure there were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alleging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad; insisting that they were the same to which he had objected. Harris now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud. Du Moulin appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge; and having sworn that these were for the lot of goods, Harris was at length obliged to make them good; but as he was confident that Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made nearly the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of Du Moulin's for a considerable time. Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned; and hearing from all parts what Harris had reported, he brought an action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood up for himself in the meantime having procured a meeting of several persons who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money that was found in different parcels in his scrutoire: upon further search, a flask, several flints, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of wax, and several other implements, were discovered. No doubt could now be entertained of his guilt, which was aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim. His action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and everybody was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to trial; and his many attempts to put off had money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutoire, and above all the instruments of coining, which upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

It happened that, a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal-graver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse: his wife immediately fell into fits. She was soon sensible that she could not live; and therefore sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:—

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore intrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money by opening his master's scrutoire, and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces which he took out; that by this ingenious practice Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added, if application were not immediately made to save him. By this account, which she gave in great agony of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions, and soon after expired.

The woman immediately applied to a magistrate; and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day, and separately examined. Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two; but while the last was examining, a messenger, who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money, and many instruments for coining. This third man into confusion, and the magistrate improving the opportunity by offering him his life if he would become an evidence for the king, he confessed that he had been long associated with the other prisoners and the man that was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found; but he could say nothing as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery Du Moulin's execution was suspended; and the king's witness appearing positively that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently denied in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, and the part which each of them usually performed, they were convicted and condemned to die. Both of them, however, denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence, he had declared that the bad money which was found together was such as he could not trace to the person of whom he had received it; that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad; but the finding of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a particular not yet accounted for, as he only alleged in general terms that he knew not how they came there; and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery but that of a woman who was dead, reported at second-hand by the wife of Du Moulin, who was manifestly an interested party. He was not, however, charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf; but it happened that, while the public opinion was thus held in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that belonged to his servant, and in it a bunch of keys, and the impression of one in wax: the impression was compared with the keys, and that which it corresponded with was found to open Du Moulin's scrutoire, in which the bad money and implements had been found. When this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged, and the key produced, he burst into tears and confessed all that had been alleged against him. He was then asked how the tools came into his master's scrutoire; and he answered, that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments, which the private drawer could not contain; and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion: that for this reason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the scrutoire with his false key, and having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case even the positive evidence of Du Moulin, that the money he brought back to Harris was the same he had received of him, was not true, though Du Moulin was not guilty of perjury, either wilfully or by neglect, inattention or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, would only have heaped one injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious servant had taken away everything else."

FAMILY CIRCLE.

OR THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

JAMES STEBBINS.

The next night, as James came into the room, his mother said to him, "I shall not inquire whether you have been happy to-day, my son, for it is evident that you have. But before I bid you good night, I wish you to tell me some of the things which have made you so."

"I will commence, then, with the morning," said James. "I started up as soon as I heard my father's voice calling me, and it did not seem half so hard as when I lay and thought about it; so I had time for a fine run in the garden, before breakfast. It was so pleasant, I thought the birds never sung so sweetly before. I did not know it was so pleasant early in the morning."

His mother smiled, and said, "The boys that lay in bed till after breakfast, are not the boys that make such discoveries."

"When the breakfast bell rang," said James. "I was right glad to hear it, for I had run till I was hungry."

"Did you regain your place at the head of your class?" asked his mother.

"No, mother; George Williams came very near missing a word, and for a moment I was ready to hope that he would, but then I thought of what you said, and that perhaps if he should lose his place, he would feel as bad as I did yesterday, and I was glad when he succeeded in spelling the word. When I went out, I found that one of the boys had knocked my hat off the nail in the entry. I was beginning to feel very angry, but I thought how foolish and wicked it was to get angry for such a trifle. When I had time to think more about it, I was very glad I did not get angry with him, for I did not think he meant to knock it down. When I returned home at night, I found Lucy was very busy looking at the pictures in my new book. I wished to finish reading it, and was going to catch it from her; but she looked very unwilling to give it up just then, and I thought I would go out to do something else, so I said to her, 'Lucy, I shall wait my book when I come in again, and you will make haste, and get through with it, won't you?'"

And Lucy said, 'Yes, James; and when I came back again, she reached out her little hands to give me the book, and I felt very glad I had not snatched it from her.'

When James had finished his story, his mother's kind look of approval, and her affectionate kiss, made his heart bound with joy. She went with him to his chamber, and knelt with him to pray that God would still help her little son to conquer all his wicked passions, that he might become a useful and happy man.

I hope my young friends will learn from the story of James, that neither pleasant weather, nor kind friends, nor any other blessings, will make them happy, if they indulge in wicked and angry passions.

THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

In order to be efficient it is not necessary that discipline should be a fury brandishing her lash, and frowning her subjects into obedience. Rather let it be conceived of as a benignant matron, wearing at once the dignity of resolution and the smile of condescension. Firm in the execution of her purposes, there is little occasion for severity. Her statute book is the law of God, her sceptre the wand of love. Hence her children, if they have less of the equivoque of slaves, have more of the affection of children. They appear before her undisturbed, and as mindful of her laws abroad as under the vigilance of her eye. Thus she leads them around the walks of duty, and, though self-denial is often required, and punishment by no means unknown, they are willing to confess that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

As blows and stripes brutalize and harden more than other punishments, let them, if practicable, be avoided. They appeal to mere corporal feeling, without that mixture of reflection and moral feeling which most other punishments, even of a corporal nature, tend to excite. During an imprisonment within a room or a house, a boy will probably be led to think; but during a whipping he seldom reflects. Another evil attending blows and stripes is, they are apt to discompose the mind of both parent and child, unfitting the one from attending to the other from urging motives and reasons with any prospect of advantage. This is a most important consideration. In proportion as motives of a higher kind can be mixed with those of a lower, they tend extremely to qualify the evil which arises from the latter. Greatly, then, ought modes of punishment be avoided which, while they press most severely on our animal nature, afford the least room for the influence of higher principles.

St. Paul, indeed says, "What son is he whom his father chasteneth not?" but chastening may be of various kinds, and may be interpreted figuratively of corrective discipline in general. It is not contended that corporal punishment should be wholly abolished. Sparingly it may be employed with good effect. The doctrine maintained is, that the subjects of moral education should be governed by the dread of it as little as possible.—Babington's Practical View of Christian Education.

A FEARFUL WHIRLPOOL.

The following incident is related by the Journalist of the exploring expedition, and shows with what fearful suddenness men sometimes pass unexpectedly from time into eternity. Mr. Ogden was descending the Columbia river in one of his company's boats with ten Canadian voyagers, all well experienced in their duties. On arriving at the dalles they deemed it practicable to run them in order to save the portage. Mr. Ogden determined, however, that he would pass the portage on foot, believing nevertheless, the river was in such a state, that it was quite safe for them to pass down. He was accordingly landed, and ascended the rocks, from which he had a full view of the water beneath, and of the boat on its passage. At first she seemed to skim over the water like a bird; but she soon perceived her stop, and the struggle of the oarsmen, together with the anxious shout of the boatman, soon told him that they had entered the whirl. Strongly they plied their oars, and deep anxiety, if not fear, was expressed in their movements. They began to move onward with the whirl. Round they went with increased velocity, still struggling to avoid the new danger which awaited them. A few more turns, each one more rapid than the last, until they reached the centre, where in an instant, the boat with all the crew, disappeared. So short had been the struggle, that it was with difficulty that Mr. Ogden could realize that all had perished. Only one body out of the ten was afterwards found at the bottom of the dalles, torn and mangled by the strife it had gone through.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are the blossom of good sense, and may be added, of good feeling too; for, if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

WAR.—O War, War! what pencil can portray thy deformities—what skill can calculate thy horrors! Gigantic evil! preceded by terror, followed by devastation, fed by cursed pride, nourished by human woe. Gigantic evil! suffocated by tears, by groans, and by blood, the shrieks of widows, and the pangs of the fatherless. Gigantic evil! thou art never satisfied; thy triumphs are those of death, thy carnival is in the grave.—Rev. J. Parsons.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

BR. SAMUEL LEACH, died in Wilbraham, Jan. 13, aged 51 years. He was born in England, and for six years was a sailor in the British and American navies. He was present in several battles at sea, and twice was made a prisoner of war. His was an eventful life of peril by sea and land—a life of toil and exile. His history is narrated in a work published by himself, entitled "Thirty Years from Home," which has had an extensive circulation. The students of Wilbraham will long remember Brother Leach, and they will sympathize with his afflicted family. His sudden departure will be mourned not only by friends and neighbors, but by many who have listened to his apt and stirring exhortations at camp meetings and elsewhere. He was a man of prayer and Christian forgiveness. Soon after his settlement in this country he gave his heart to God, and for nearly thirty years lived to adorn the name of his Father in heaven, and to be a great blessing to his people. Brother Leach seemed a few months since, a man of a pious and growing mind, and usually prayerful, and the mid-night hour often witnessed his fervor of devotion. His sickness was short and extremely painful; but he died in the triumph of faith; and now the soldier, sailor, the weary stranger, the prayerful, eloquent Christian, rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

ROBERT ALLYN.

BR. PHILLIPS HATCH, died in Bristol, Me., Jan. 5, aged 94 years. Br. Hatch was an acceptable member of the M. E. Church about fifty years. He was one of a little band who composed the first class formed in this town, in the year 1798, and was well known to the different preachers who have travelled this circuit since that time, as a firm Methodist and sincere Christian. His end was peace. D. P. T. Bristol, Jan. 20, 1848.

Mrs. GRACE NELSON, wife of Mr. Almond Nelson, died in Cabotville, Nov. 28, aged 28. She was cut down suddenly in the midst of strength, health, earthly happiness and hopes. During her sickness she was mostly devoted to reason. Several years since, she experienced religious conversion, and her life and Christian character in her removal all doubts of her piety, and afford us evidence and hope that she died in the Lord. All are hereby admonished to be ready for death, lest the loss of reason or some other circumstances render it impossible to seek a preparation on the dying bed.

BR. HARVEY B. EDSON, died about three months since of consumption. Br. Edson died among his friends, living at Enfield and Greenwich, so that he had the usual items at command. For nine years past, he has been a prominent member of the church in this place. As a Christian, he was humble, consistent, watchful, and fervent. As a class leader, wise and judicious, gifted and sympathetic. As a citizen, highly respected and esteemed. Within the short space of one year Br. Edson, his wife, their oldest and their youngest child have died, leaving but two behind, one of whom seems destined to follow them soon.

L. CROWELL.

Jan. 20, 1848.

BR. SETH FOSTER, of Hanover, Mass., died Dec. 23, of consumption, aged 63 years. Br. F. became hopelessly pious some fifteen years since. He deeply felt and efficiently acted with respect to the interests of the M. E. Church. His last sickness was protracted and painful, but borne with Christian patience. He was triumphant in hope. He labored faithfully to persuade those who visited him in his sickness, to prepare to meet him in heaven.

JOHN FRENCH.

Pembroke, Jan. 17, 1848.

CAROLINE NEWELL, wife of Mr. John Newell, died of consumption, at Three Rivers, Mass., Dec. 29, aged 27 years. It has never fallen to the lot of the writer to witness a more complete triumph in the dying hour. In visiting that place we seemed standing at heaven's gate, and conversing with one already entering there, and in whose countenance were expressed unalloyed joys. Often did she say to the writer, oh! how good is God to send this lingering sickness upon me, and thus afford me time to prepare for death. The burden of her prayer seemed to be for the conversion of her friends; she had but little anxiety for herself, only that she might not become impatient under bodily sufferings. To be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord was her theme and desire, though willing to wait her Father's time. But soon did she hear him say, it is enough, child, come home.

DANIEL E. CHAPIN.

Three Rivers, Jan. 21, 1848.

Sister NANCY CROSSMAN, wife of Daniel Crossman, died in Crossman, Me., Sept. 26, aged 68 years. She was converted to God when about 18 years of age, and joined the M. E. Church, of which she has been a worthy member ever since. Though she gave her heart to God when young, yet she followed on to know the Lord, continually looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of her faith. She was a person of deep piety, and a lover of the doctrines and discipline of the church of her early choice. Her absence will be much lamented—may it be sanctified to her afflicted husband and family, and church.